CHARLTON COMICS GROUP
FIGHTIN' ARMY
NO.158 JUN
00036 82/CDC
60¢ UK 20P
CHARLTON PUBLICATION

FIGHTIN' ARMY

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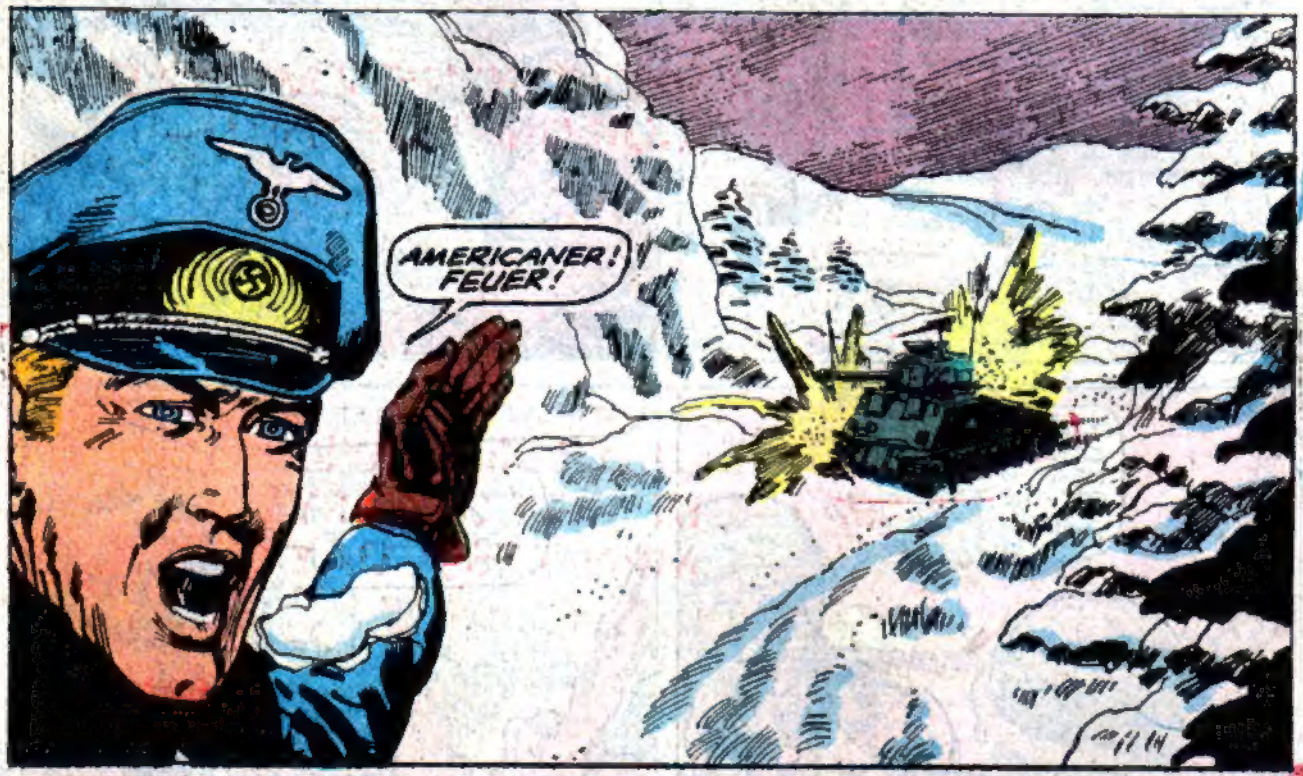
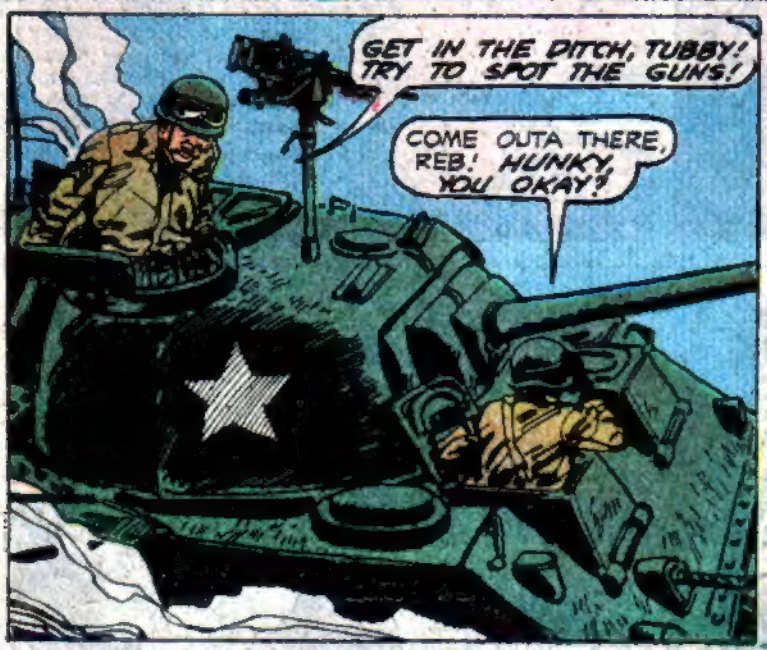
"RIBBON-CLERK WARRIOR!"

BUSHWHACK PASS

T/SGT. BLAST NUTLEY IS TAKING HIS SHERMAN TANK THROUGH THE PASS IN NORTHERN ITALY... IT'S A RECONNAISSANCE MISSION AND ARMORED UNITS OF THE FIFTH ARMY ARE PROBING FOR GERMAN POCKETS OF RESISTANCE. THERE HASN'T BEEN A SIGN OF GERMAN RESISTANCE UNTIL...





FIGHTIN' ARMY Vol. 14, No. 158, June, 1982.

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These 88mm artillery haven't been spotted from the air... when not firing, there's excellent camou-flage rolled down covering them.
Hunky, I always figured you had a solid bone head but I reckon I was wrong! I gotta get you outa here.
That ain't confetti you hear patterin' off the turret, sarge! Shake a leg!
The krauts don't let up, do they?
One of these days, they'll be on the other end of the stick.
Down!
Dumbkopfs! You let them escape! Unterofficier Borch! Take troops! Wipe them out!

CUT 'EM DOWN!

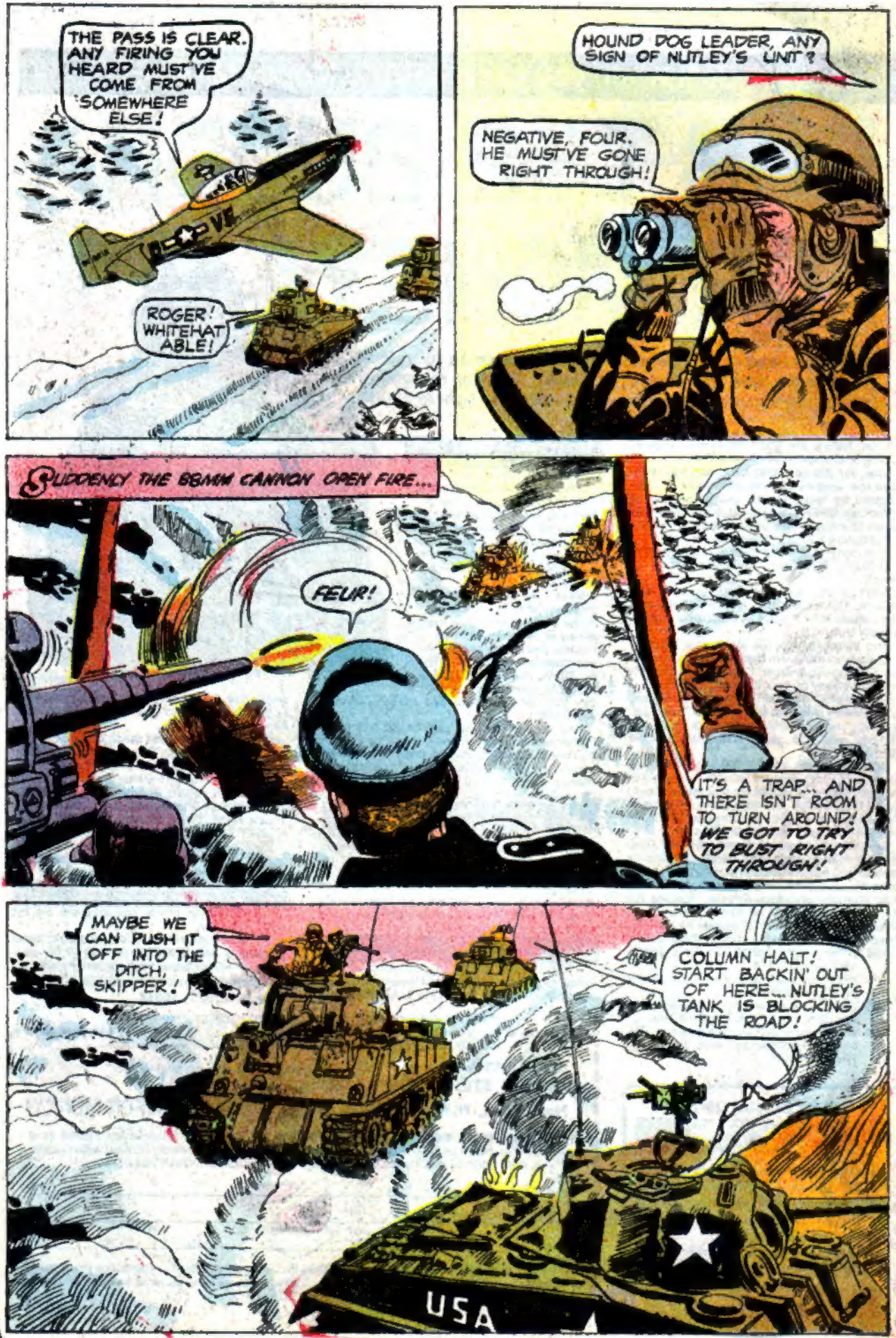
THEN, THERE'S SILENCE. THE GERMAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS ARE DOWN... FAR AWAY, A TANK MOTOR ROARS... IN THE COLD BLUE SKY A MESSERSCHMIDT SNARLS.
ACH! MEIN LEIBER GOTT!

KEEP LOW, YOU CREEPS! THE KRAUT GUNS ARE GONNA CUT LOOSE IN A MINUTE!

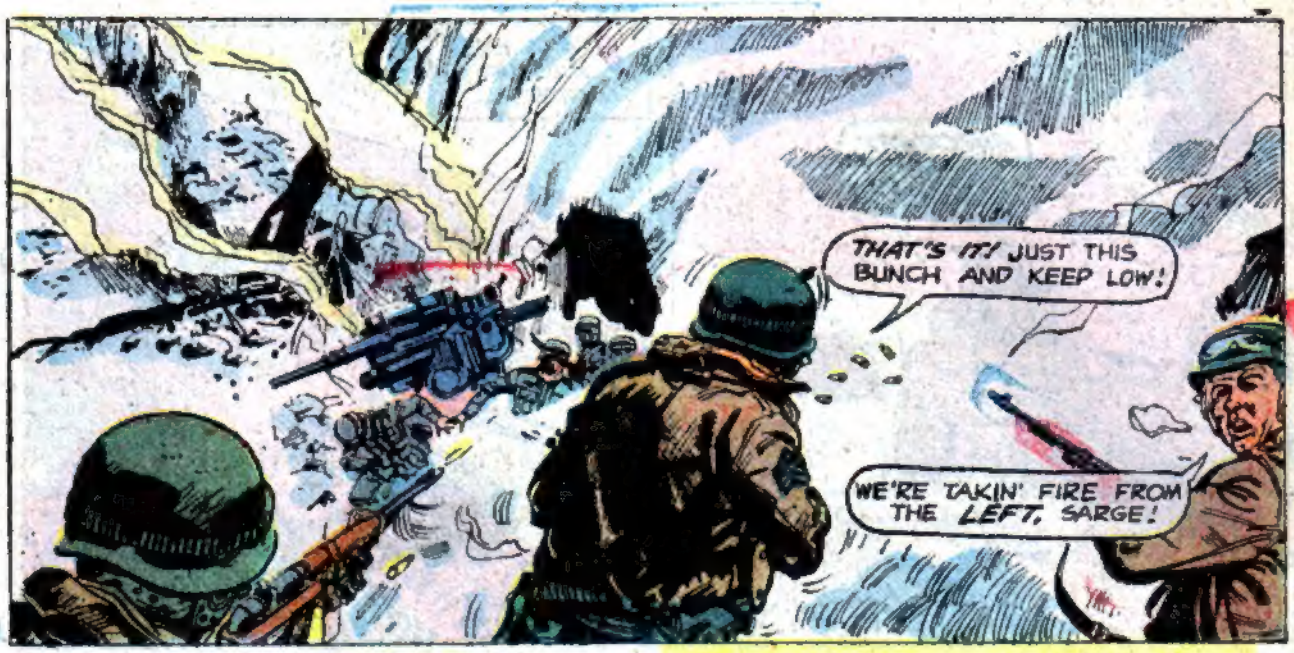
I FIGURED WE WERE DONE FOR BACK THERE.
THEY MUST HAVE FIVE OR SIX ARTILLERY PIECES BACK THERE!

TOO BAD WE COULDN'T GET BACK TO WARN THE OUTFIT! EVEN IF WE RADIOED A WARNING THEY...
WE GOT NO WAY TO WARN THEM! AND YOU KNOW WHO'LL BE IN THE LEAD TANKS WHEN THE ARMOR COMES UP THE ROAD?... OUR BUDDIES... AND THEY'LL GET CLOBBERED, MAYBE WORSE THAN US!

THEY THINK WE'RE HIDIN' BY THE BURNIN' TANK!
THAT GIVES US A BETTER CHANCE TO GET AWAY.
WE CAN DO THAT... JUST CRAWL AWAY AND LET THE KRAUTS WIPE OUT THE COLUMN WHEN IT COMES DOWN THE ROAD. OR...
...OR WE CAN MOVE INTO POSITION ABOVE THE GUNS AND ATTACK THE CREWS JUST WHEN OUR TANK COLUMN APPROACHES! THE FIRING WILL WARN OUR GUYS ANYHOW!
ALL RIGHT, YOU VOLUNTEERS... LET'S GO!
THIS WHITE STUFF AIN'T GEORGIA COTTON, THAT'S FO' SUAH!
DOWN THE VALLEY... ECHOING OFF THE SNOW-COVERED SLOPES... A TANK COLUMN GROWLS UP THE ROAD.
ACHTUNG! AMERICANER TANKS!
NEIN! AIRCRAFT ENGINES! WE MUST WAIT!


THE PASS IS CLEAR. ANY FIRING YOU HEARD MUST'VE COME FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE!
ROGER! WHITEHAT ABLE!
HOUND DOG LEADER, ANY SIGN OF NUTLEY'S UNIT?
NEGATIVE, FOUR. HE MUST'VE GONE RIGHT THROUGH!
SUDDENLY THE 88MM CANNON OPEN FIRE...
FEUR!
IT'S A TRAP... AND THERE ISN'T ROOM TO TURN AROUND! WE GOT TO TRY TO BUST RIGHT THROUGH!
MAYBE WE CAN PUSH IT OFF INTO THE DITCH, SKIPPER!
COLUMN HALT! START BACKIN' OUT OF HERE... NUTLEY'S TANK IS BLOCKING THE ROAD!
USA

AIRCRAFT COMIN', SKIPPER!
IT'S A NAZI MEDIUM BOMBER...
WE WON'T STAY LUCKY FOREVER! WE GOT TO STEAM AHEAD!
TIME WE MADE A MOVE, SARGE! I CAN REACH THAT EMPLACEMENT WITH A GRENADE NOW!
EVERYONE HAVE TWO GRENADES READY! REB, TAKE THE NEAREST BB! ... HUNKY, THE NEXT, TUBBY, THAT ONE, I'LL TRY FOR THE FARTHEST ONE!
NOW!
REB, YOU HIT THE AMMO LOCKER! COME ON... LET'S FOLLOW UP THE GRENADES!



A RESERVE INFANTRY UNIT MOVES TOWARD THE AMERICAN TANK CREWMEN... THERE ARE NEARLY THIRTY TOUGH NAZIS IN THE GROUP

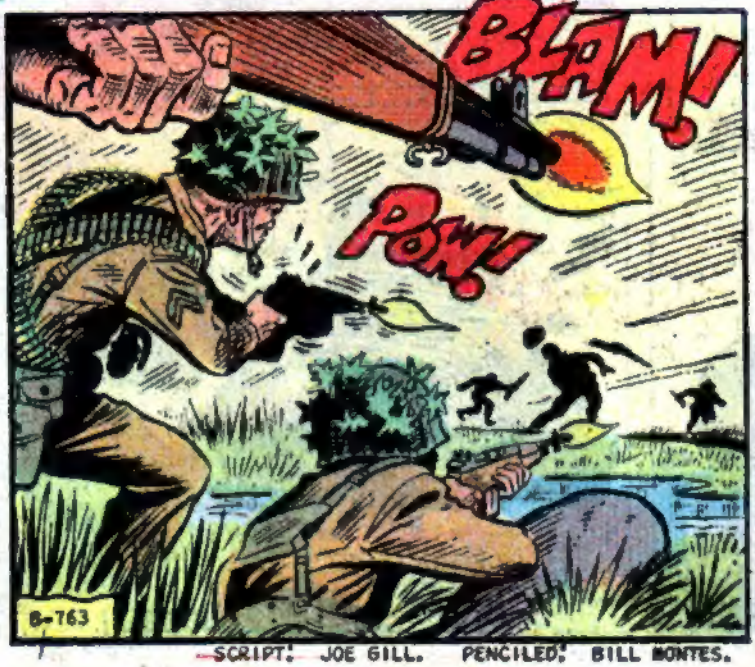
THE SHERMAN TANK COMMANDER HAS THE ENEMY EMPLACEMENT UNDER SURVEILLANCE. HE SNAPS AN ORDER...

SHELLS BURST IN AIR OVER THE GERMAN FORCE ...

HE'S GOING TO DROP AN EGG RIGHT DOWN THE TURRET IF WE...
THE AIR FORCE MAKES THE SCENE JUST IN TIME... WITH A LONG BURST INTO THE LUFTWAFFE BOMBER
BARRROOOMM!
A BRIEF BITTER FIREFIGHT FOLLOWS... WITH THE HELP OF TANK CANNON AND A STRAFING RUN BY A P5O MUSTANG, THE NAZIS FINALLY SEE THE LIGHT!
KAMERAD! EVEN YOU SAVAGES WOULD NOT EXECUTE US COLD-BLOODEDLY!
IF YOU MEAN WILL WE WIPE YOU OUT THE WAY YOU WOULD US...THE ANSWER IS NO! JUST STAND QUIET AND YOU WON'T BE HARMED!
ALL SECURE UP THERE, MAJOR. I BLUNDERED RIGHT INTO THE TRAP... LOST THE TANK AND...
FOR YOU, SERGEANT, WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE... WITH A 90MM GAS-BRAKE CANNON AND ALL THE LATEST FIXIN'S!
THEY COME OUT OF THE TRAP SMELLING LIKE ROSES... AND THEY'RE STILL TRAVELING THE LONG ROAD T/SGT. NUTLEY FIRMLY BELIEVES WILL END IN BERLIN.
THE END

HIT AND RUN KILLERS

THE CHOPPERS DROPPED US AT DUSK... WE'RE TRYING TO MOVE INTO POSITION TO BLOCK OFF THE VIET CONG WHEN THE BATTALION STARTS TO SWEEP THE VALLEY OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE. BUT WE DON'T SURPRISE THEM... OLD CHARLEY SPOTS US FIRST AND THEY SWARM IN OUT OF THE BRUSH BEFORE MOST OF THE MEN IN THE PLATOON CAN SWITCH OFF THEIR SAFETIES!



SCRIPT: JOE GILL. PENCILED: BILL MONTES. INKED:

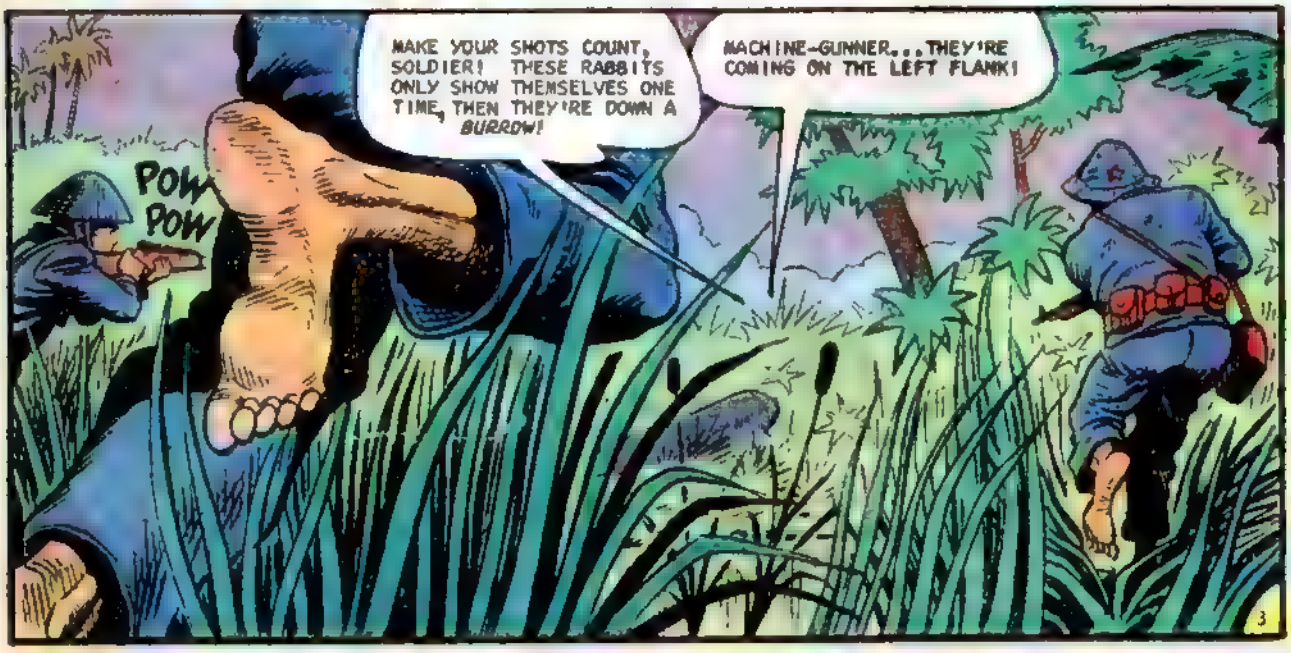
WE'VE GOT A TEN-MAN SQUAD...ASSIGNED, HOPEFULLY, TO CUT OFF RETREATING CONG AFTER THE BATTALION IS AIR-DROPPED IN...
KEEP ALERT, MEN. CHARLEY KNOWS WE'RE HERE...HE'LL TRY SOMETHING NOW!
THERE'S ONE...I MISSED! HE'S MOVING TOO FAST!
THIS TIME I'LL... HAND GRENADE!
IN ANOTHER SECOND, TWO AT THE MOST, I'LL BE DEAD! THERE ISN'T TIME TO DUCK...BUT THERE IS TIME FOR KRAUSS TO SWING HIS RIFLE! HE MAY NOT BE A SHARP-SHOOTER BUT HE MUST'VE HAD A MIGHTY GOOD BATTING AVERAGE BACK HOME.
THWACK!
SIT DOWN, CORP!
WHASSAMATTER, CAN'T YOU JOKERS HIT A TARGET THAT CLOSE TO YA?
YA LET HIM GET AWAY!
BARDOOM!

YOU GOT ONE...TWO ESCAPED. WE GOT TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.
I QUALIFIED AS EXPERT ON THE RANGE BACK IN THE STATES; I COULD WRECK A "8" TARGET ON THE 500 YARD RANGE.

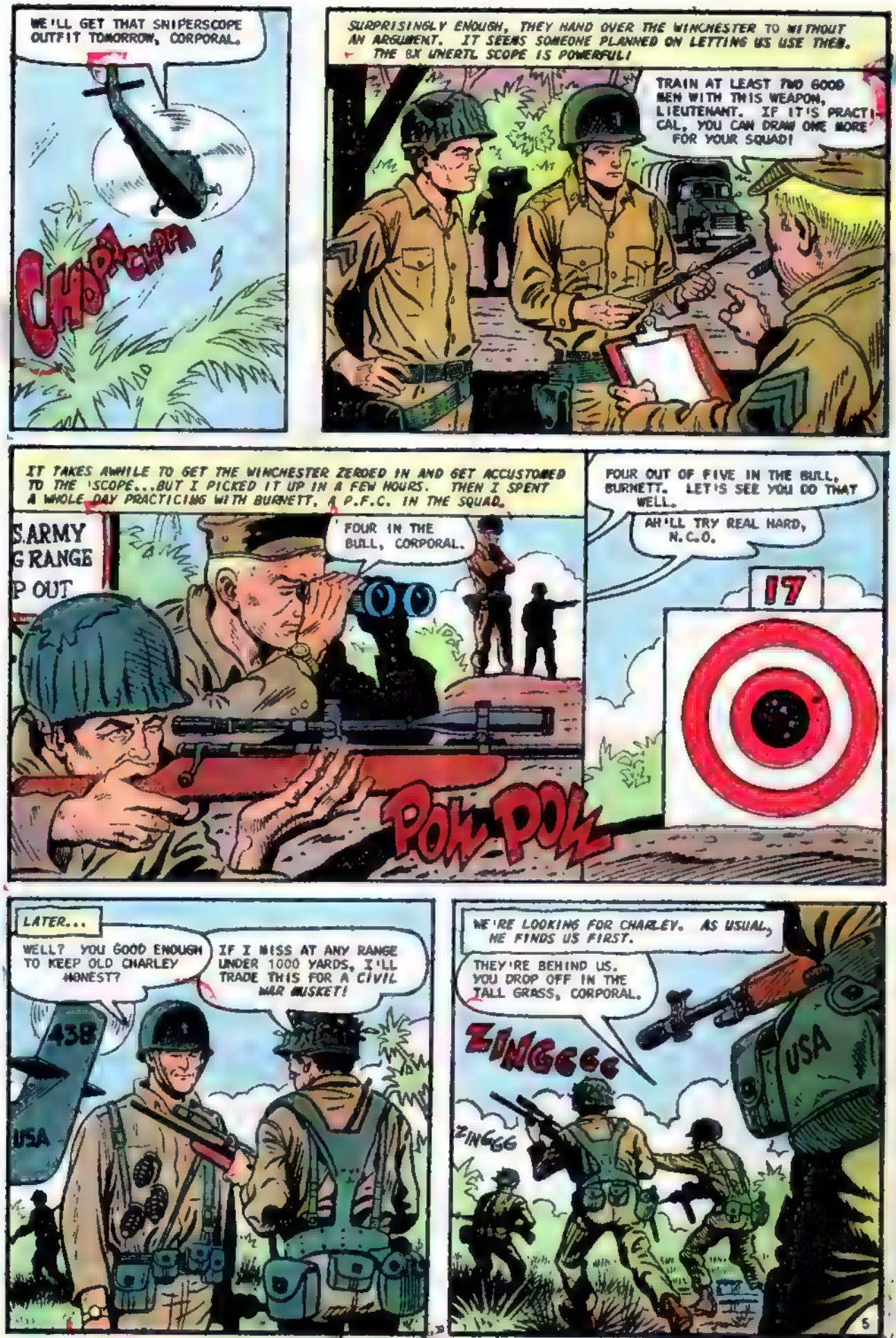
WE JUST DON'T SHOOT THE SAME OUT THERE. IF YOU LOOK HARD OUT YONDER, YOU'LL SPOT OLD CHARLEY WALKING AROUND OUT THERE JUST 700 YARDS AWAY.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. A REAL GOOD SNIPER WITH A SCOPE WOULD HIT HIM BETWEEN THE EYES.
THEN, WHAT WE NEED IS SNIPERS.

THE CHOPPERS DARKEN THE SKY TO THE SOUTH...DROPPING IN 450 INFANTRYMEN!
CHOPP CHOPP CHOPP
ARMY


MAKE YOUR SHOTS COUNT, SOLDIER! THESE RABBITS ONLY SHOW THEMSELVES ONE TIME, THEN THEY'RE DOWN A BURROW!
MACHINE-GUNNER...THEY'RE COMING ON THE LEFT FLANK!
POW POW

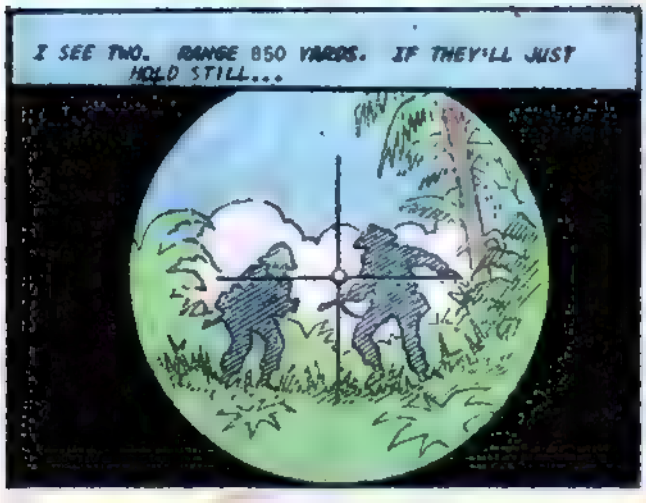
IT'S LONG RANGE. FOR MY GREASE GUN SO I REACH FOR ALDISS' #14.
ZIIP
THE .223 CAL RIFLE IS A LONG RANGE WEAPON...BUT I HIT THE FAST-MOVING ENEMY!
POW
POW
POW
I SQUEEZE OFF ANOTHER, THEN A THIRD, AND FOURTH. I KEEP MISSING. AND I CAN SEE OLD CHARLEY WELL ENOUGH TO BURN UP AT THE GRIN ON HIS KISSER, AS HE TURNS AND RUNS BACK INTO THE JUNGLE.
MAYBE I GOT BUCK FEVER! HOW'D YOU DO, LIEUTENANT?
IF THEY'RE OVER 200 YARDS, THEY GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT FROM ME!
IN KOREA, WE HAD SNIPERS WHO HIT THE CHICOMS MOST OF THE TIME! HOW COME WE GOT NO SNIPERS OUT HERE?
CHOPPA
CHOPPA
CHOPPA
EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT FIREPOWER! THE IDEA IS: SHOOT ENOUGH SLUGS, ONE IS BOUND TO HIT!
I'D LIKE TO HAVE AT LEAST ONE MAN IN THE PLATOON WHO CAN KILL THE ENEMY AT 1000 YARDS! I THINK I CAN REQUISITION A WINCHESTER. I HEARD OF WINCHESTER TO'S WITH AN 8X SCOPE THE MARINES ARE GETTING. I THINK I CAN WANGLE ONE FOR THIS SQUAD.


WE'LL GET THAT SNIPERSCOPE OUTFIT TOMORROW, CORPORAL.
CHSP-CHPP
SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, THEY HAND OVER THE WINCHESTER TO WITHOUT AN ARGUMENT. IT SEEMS SOMEONE PLANNED ON LETTING US USE THEM. THE 8X UNERTL SCOPE IS POWERFUL!
TRAIN AT LEAST TWO GOOD MEN WITH THIS WEAPON, LIEUTENANT. IF IT'S PRACTICAL, YOU CAN DRAW ONE MORE FOR YOUR SQUAD!
IT TAKES AWHILE TO GET THE WINCHESTER ZEROED IN AND GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE 'SCOPE...BUT I PICKED IT UP IN A FEW HOURS. THEN I SPENT A WHOLE DAY PRACTICING WITH BURNETT, A P.F.C. IN THE SQUAD.
S.ARMY
G RANGE
P OUT
FOUR IN THE BULL, CORPORAL.
POW POW
FOUR OUT OF FIVE IN THE BULL, BURNETT. LET'S SEE YOU DO THAT WELL.
AH'LL TRY REAL HARD, N.C.O.
17
LATER...
WELL? YOU GOOD ENOUGH TO KEEP OLD CHARLEY HONEST?
IF I MISS AT ANY RANGE UNDER 1000 YARDS, I'LL TRADE THIS FOR A CIVIL WAR MISKET!
438
USA
WE'RE LOOKING FOR CHARLEY. AS USUAL, HE FINDS US FIRST.
THEY'RE BEHIND US. YOU DROP OFF IN THE TALL GRASS, CORPORAL.
ZINGGGG
ZINGGG
USA
5

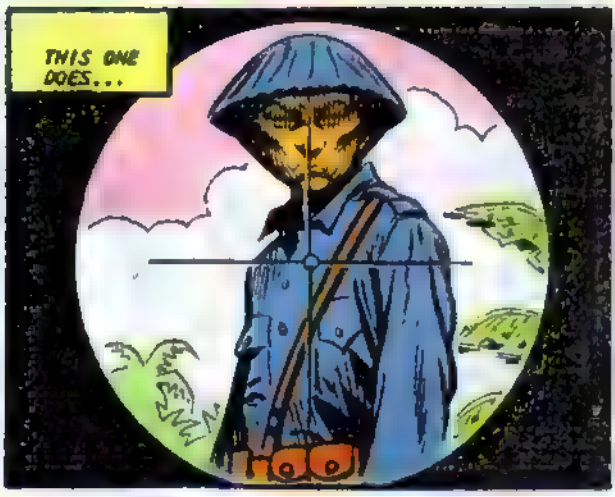
I JUST SLIP TO THE GROUND, ROLL OUT OF THE PATH AND WAIT. I CAN HEAR THE SQUAD MOVING OFF...MAKING A LOT OF NOISE EVEN THOUGH I THOUGHT WE'D BEEN PRETTY QUIET WHEN I WAS WITH THEM.

CONG LIKES TO COME ALONG BEHIND...LOOK FOR STRAGGLERS LIKE...THERE'S ONE.

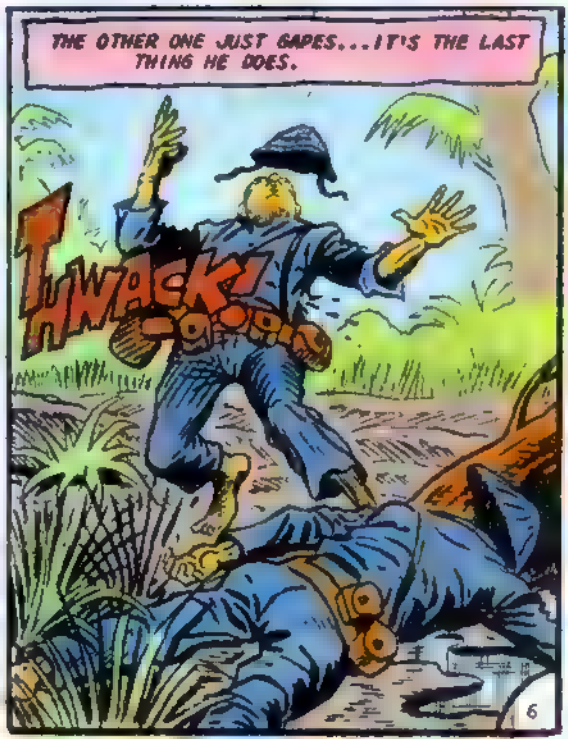
I SEE TWO. RANGE 850 YARDS. IF THEY'LL JUST HOLD STILL...



THIS ONE DOES...



THE OTHER ONE JUST GAPES...IT'S THE LAST THING HE DOES.



HOW'D IT GO?
GOT TWO!

THIS SCOPE IS POWERFUL. LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THE TRAIL WE'RE GONNA TAKE. OLD CHARLEY MAY HAVE SOME SURPRISES DOWN THERE.

WAIT... OLD CHARLEY... HE'S GOT A BUNCH DOWN THERE BESIDE THE TRAIL.
"LIEUTENANT," I MUTTER, "OLD CHARLEY'S DOWN BELOW. 600 YARDS. ON THE RIGHT OF THE TRAIL NEAR THE TWO BIG TREES CLOSE TOGETHER."

I SEE THEM, ALL RIGHT. YOU STAY HERE, CORPORAL. I'LL TAKE THE MEN AROUND BEYOND THEM, FIRE RIFLE GRENADES IN THERE, DRIVE THEM INTO YOU. CAN YOU HANDLE THEM ALONE?
I'D LOVE TO TRY, SIR.

STILL THERE WATCHING THE TRAIL. THEY EXPECTED US... SOMEONE BACK AT BASE IS GIVING THE WORD.

THE RIFLE GRENADES AND HAND GRENADES SOUND LIKE ARTILLERY IN THE QUIET JUNGLE.

I PICK OUT THE LEADER. STEADY THE CROSS-HAIRS AND PRAY HE WILL STAND STILL LONG ENOUGH.

COME ON...THE SNIPER GOT THEIR LEADER... HIT 'EM HARD BEFORE THEY CAN DISPERSE.
ZINGGG
TWACK!

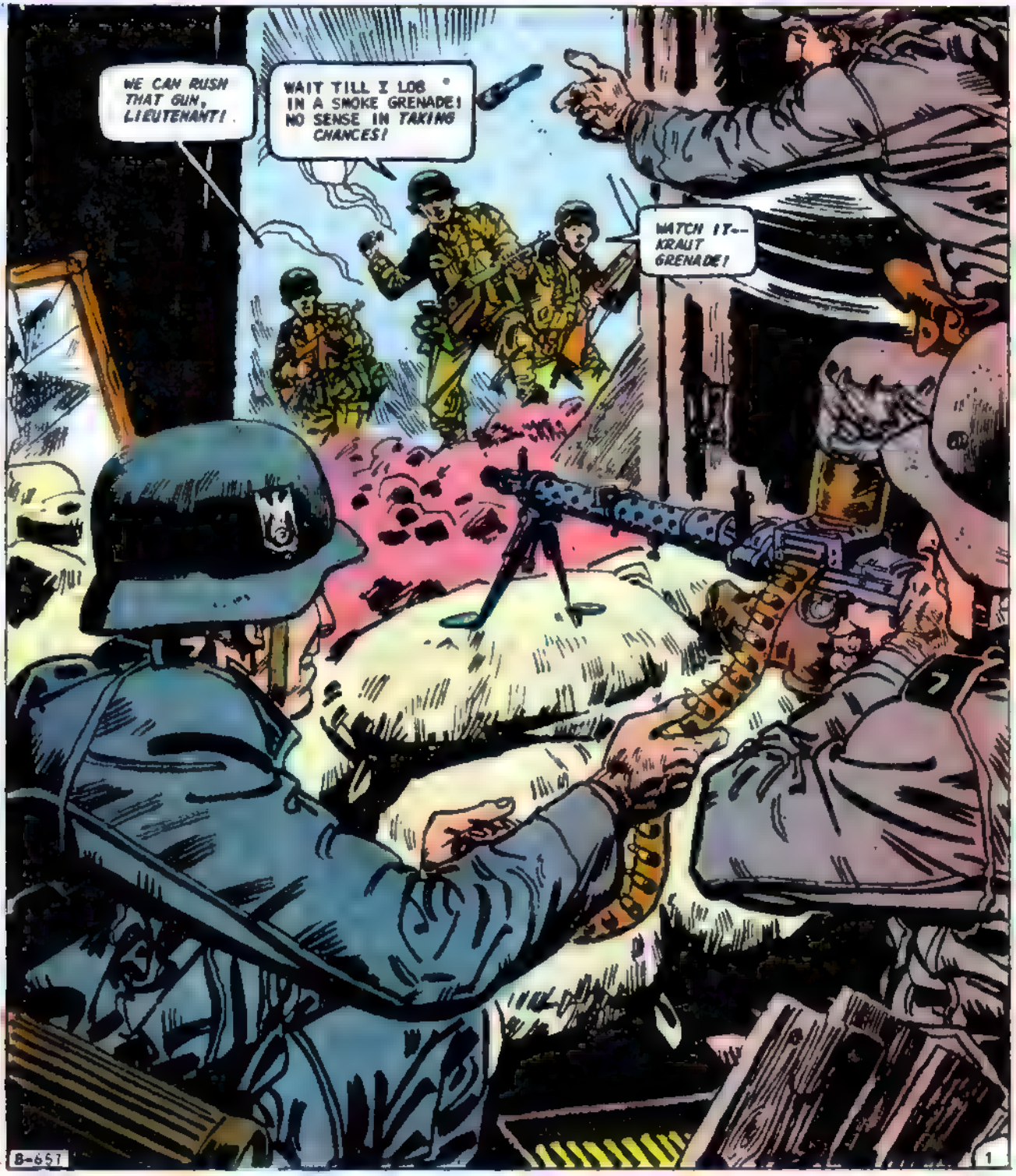
IT'S A FIELD DAY FOR ME. I SQUEEZE 'EM OFF... BRISKLY, NOT MISSING ONCE.

POW
POW!

NICE WORK, CORPORAL. WE CLEANED 'EM OUT. INSTEAD OF RUNNING INTO A TRAP, WE TRAPPED THEM. I'M GOING TO GET THE OTHER WINCHESTER TO THE CAPTAIN MENTIONED... EVERY SQUAD IN THE BATTALION WILL HAVE ONE.
END

RIBBON-CLERK WARRIOR

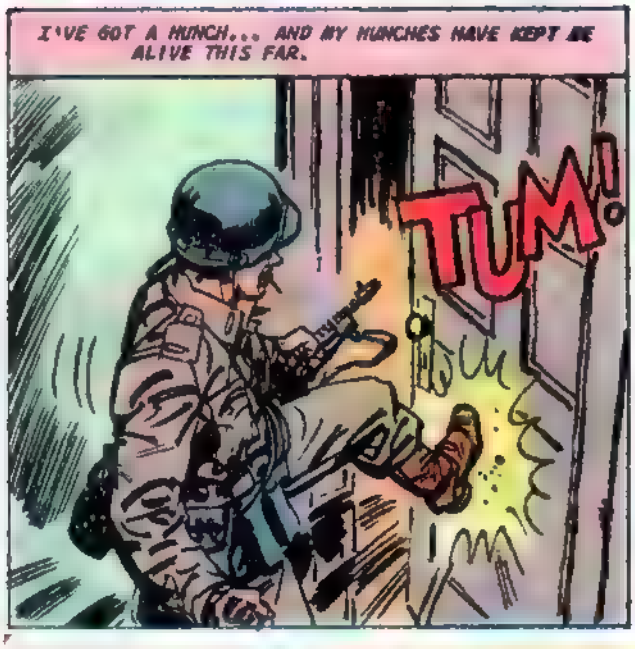
I KNOW THE REST OF CHARLIE COMPANY CALLS MY PLATOON "THE SAFETY PATROL"...AND I FEEL SORT OF ASHAMED SOMETIMES BECAUSE OUR CASUALTY RATE IS HALF AS BAD AS THE REST OF THE BATTALION. BUT MY MEN DON'T MIND... I'M JUST NOT THE TYPE TO START PLAYING HERO AS WE MOVE INTO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE FRENCH VILLAGE. THE NAZIS ARE MEMBERS OF A CRACK PANZER DIVISION... THEY'VE SWORN TO FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN...TO KILL AS MANY AMERICANS AS THEY CAN!



WHEN I SEE THE GRENADE, I FEEL OLD AND TIRED AND SICK. AFTER HOW CAREFUL I'D BEEN HOW WE'LL LOSE AT LEAST SIX LIVES...ONE OF THEM ON ME!
IT'LL BLOW YOUR ARM OFF, SKIPPER!
WATCH IT!
MY HEART'S REALLY HAMMERING. BECAUSE THAT GRENADE GOES OFF A SPLIT SECOND AFTER IT LEAVES MY HAND...BUT IT REACHES THE MAN WHO THREW IT FIRST...
KM!
THAT CLOBBERED 'EM, SKIP! I'LL GO IN THERE AN'...
NO!
WRAAT!
PASS THE WORD TO EVERYONE IN THE SQUAD. I'LL COURTMARTIAL THE FIRST ONE OF YOU I SEE COLLECTING SOUVENIRS... EVERYTHING IS BOOBY-TRAPPED.
2

ANYONE IN THERE?
LAST CHANCE. COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP.

I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND.
WRATRAT!


I'VE GOT A HUNCH... AND MY HUNCHES HAVE KEPT ME ALIVE THIS FAR.
TUM!

BROOM!
I HOPE THERE WASN'T ANYONE IN THERE.

BUT SOMEONE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR ME. A NAZI... WITH A SCHMEISSER MACHINE-PISTOL IN HIS HANDS ...AND DEATH IN HIS HEART. BUT THE BURST OF .45 SLUGS AND THE GRENADE CANCELED HIS PLANS. AND HIS LIFE.
3

THIS ONE'S CLEAN... NOW, MAX, SEND THE THIRD SQUAD ACROSS THE STREET. FIRST SQUAD DOWN THE ALLEY ON THIS SIDE... I'LL TAKE THE SECOND SQUAD DOWN THE MAIN DRAG.
I FEEL LIKE SIX DIFFERENT KINDS OF A FOOL WALKING OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET THIS WAY. BUT IT'S NOT HEROIC ... IF A NAZI DOES TAKE A SHOT AT ME...
I DUCK... AND THE BOYS WIPE THE SNIPER OUT!
I TRY NOT TO REMEMBER THAT MOST SNIPERS DON'T MISS WHEN THEY FIRE...
PA-HA!
THIS ONE DIDN'T... BUT HIS BULLET HIT MY HELMET, HOLED IT, AND SCREAMED RIGHT OUT UNDER THE RIM! I WAS ABOUT SCARED TO DEATH...BUT I HAD SENSE ENOUGH NOT TO MOVE AFTER I HIT THE GROUND!
PA-HA!
TWING!

MY GUYS DON'T WASTE ROUNDS. THEY AIM ...AND THEY HIT WHAT THEY AIM AT!
BANG! BANG! BAANG!

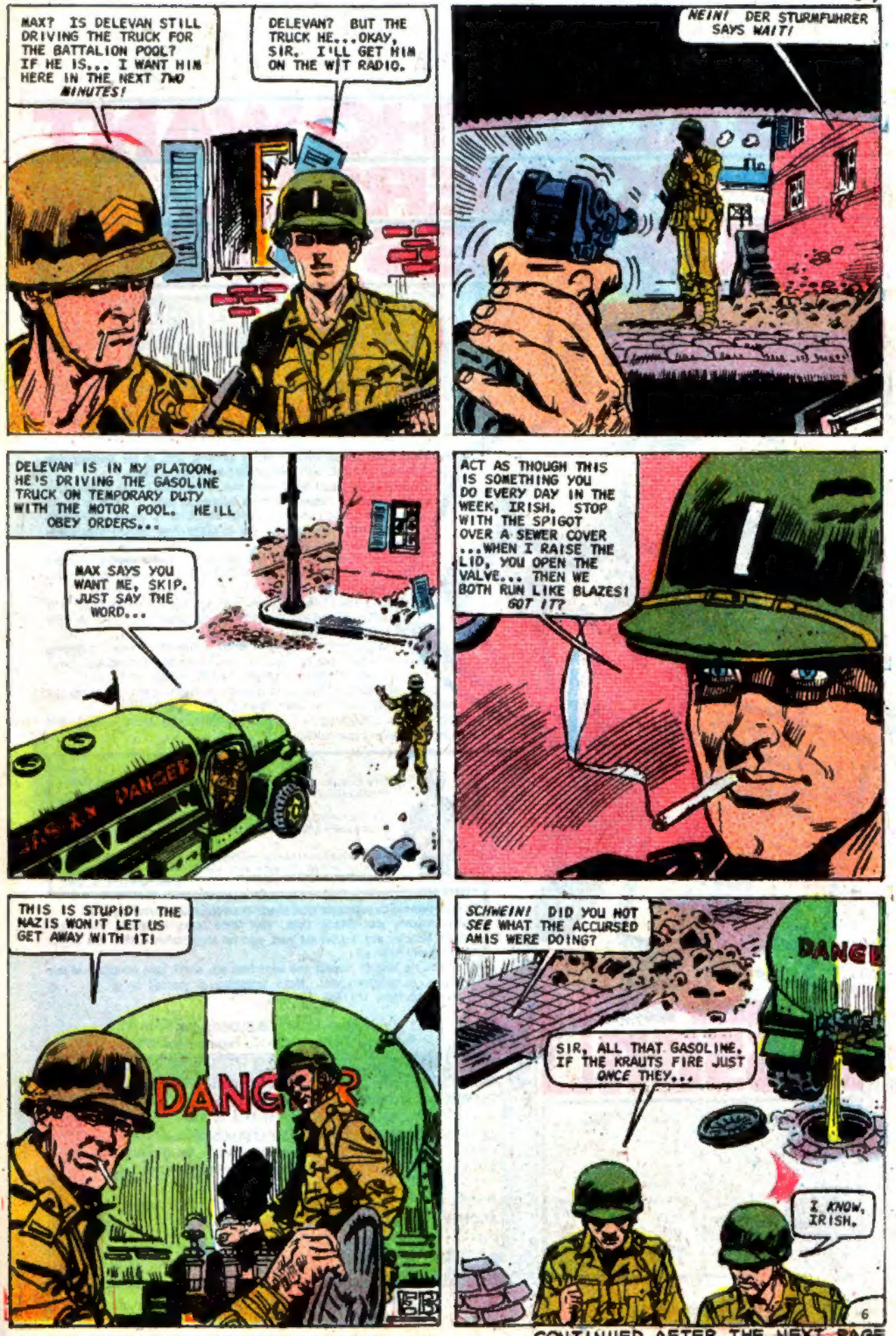
NO KRAUTS IN ALL THESE HOUSES, LIEUTENANT. WE CHECKED 'EM OUT ...THE GERMANS REALLY PULLED OUT!
HOLD THE MEN UP, SAL. I NEVER SAW A PANZER OUTFIT DO ANYTHING THE EASY WAY YET!

WE'VE FOUGHT THIS SAME OUTFIT BEFORE. THEY'RE BITTER... THEY'RE LOSING THIS WAR AND THEY DON'T LIKE IT!
NOW... IF I WANTED TO KILL NAZIS ENTERING THIS TOWN HOW WOULD I DO IT?

THEY'RE WATCHING ME! I CAN FEEL THEIR EYES... AND THERE'S A COLD SPOT BETWEEN MY SHOULDER BLADES WHERE I EXPECT THE FIRST BULLET TO HIT!
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A FERVENT COMMIE!

OF COURSE. THE SEWERS. A PERFECT PLACE FOR A NAZI... I'VE GOT A HUNCH HUNDREDS OF THEM ARE DOWN THERE.

WHY DO I HAVE TO PLAY HERO ALL THE TIME? HOW'M I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS?


MAX? IS DELEVAN STILL DRIVING THE TRUCK FOR THE BATTALION POOL? IF HE IS... I WANT HIM HERE IN THE NEXT TWO MINUTES!
DELEVAN? BUT THE TRUCK HE...OKAY, SIR. I'LL GET HIM ON THE W/T RADIO.
NEIN! DER STURMFUHRER SAYS WAIT!
DELEVAN IS IN MY PLATOON. HE'S DRIVING THE GASOLINE TRUCK ON TEMPORARY DUTY WITH THE MOTOR POOL. HE'LL OBEY ORDERS...
MAX SAYS YOU WANT ME, SKIP. JUST SAY THE WORD...
DANGER
ACT AS THOUGH THIS IS SOMETHING YOU DO EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, IRISH. STOP WITH THE SPIGOT OVER A SEWER COVER ...WHEN I RAISE THE LID, YOU OPEN THE VALVE... THEN WE BOTH RUN LIKE BLAZES! GOT IT?
THIS IS STUPID! THE NAZIS WON'T LET US GET AWAY WITH IT!
DANGER
SCHWEIN! DID YOU NOT SEE WHAT THE ACCURSED AMIS WERE DOING?
DANGER
SIR, ALL THAT GASOLINE. IF THE KRAUTS FIRE JUST ONCE THEY...
I KNOW, IRISH.
6

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

GOT THE FLARE GUN, MAX?
YESSIR, BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA..?
DANGER
FRITZ! I KNOW YOU'RE DOWN THERE! YOU'D BETTER COME UP WITH YOUR HANDS UP IN THE AIR!
I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE TO, MAX.
DANG
I'M NOT REALLY SURE THERE ARE KRAUTS DOWN THERE UNTIL I SEE THE OFFICER WITH THE MACHINE-PISTOL CENTERED ON MY CHEST.
DROP THE WEAPON OR DIE, AMI!
DON'T BE A FOOL! IF YOU PULL THAT TRIGGER, YOU'LL BARBECUE EVERY GERMAN HIDING DOWN THERE WITH YOU!
EB
PUT THE WEAPON DOWN AND TELL YOUR MEN TO COME UP WITH THEIR HANDS IN THE AIR. YOU WILL STAND IN FORMATION RIGHT HERE... SO THAT ALL OF YOU WILL BE CREMATED IF ONE OF YOU GETS STUPID!
JAH, I WILL GIVE THE ORDER.
ALMOST 200 NAZIS WERE DOWN THERE. NOW, AS THEY CLIMB OUT OF THE GASOLINE-SATURATED SEWER, I TRY TO LOOK UNAFRAID... BUT I'M SCARED TO DEATH.
LINE UP, NO TALKING, MAX, ORDER THE MACHINE-GUNNERS TO OPEN FIRE IF THEY MAKE A BREAK.
WHAT MACHINE-GUNNERS, MAX?
SSSSHH.
7

TOWN IS SECURE, SIR.
WELL DONE, LIEUTENANT. SUBMIT YOUR CASUALTY LISTS AND REQUISITIONS FOR SUPPLIES TO CAPTAIN ORDEN.
NO CASUALTIES THIS TIME, MAJOR. MY MEN DIDN'T EVEN COME UP WITH A BROKEN FINGERNAIL.
INCREDIBLE. HOW IN THE WORLD...?
I'M TOO CAREFUL, I GUESS, MAJOR. I ALWAYS TRY TO FIGURE A SAFER WAY TO DO EVERYTHING. I KNOW IT'S A COWARDLY WAY TO FIGHT A WAR...BUT THAT'S THE WAY I AM.
WHEN WE GET ORDERS TO MOVE ON, I CHOOSE OUR ROUTE. ACROSS A FIELD PARALLEL TO THE ROAD WHICH MAY BE MINED... OR HAVE NAZI 88'S ZEROED IN!
LIEUTENANT, WHAT IF WE COME TO A NAZI STRONGPOINT THERE AIN'T NO WAY TO FLANK OR TRICK INTO SURRENDERING! WHAT IF THERE'S NOTHIN' TO DO BUT CHARGE RIGHT INTO THE FLAMIN' GUNS!
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THAT, MAX. WE'D USE SMOKE GRENADES...LAY IN A HEAVY COVERING FIRE... AND ONE MAN WOULD RUSH WITH FIRE EXPLOSIVES AND DEMOLISH THE STRONGPOINT.
I KNOW. HE'S TOO MUCH OF A RIBBON-CLERK TO GIVE THE ORDER.
HE'D GO HIMSELF, IRISH. AND HE'D GET THE JOB DONE.
SOUNDS OKAY, MAX. BUT I CAN'T PICTURE THE SKIPPER ORDERIN' A MAN TO DO A DANGEROUS THING LIKE THAT.
I MEAN THEN, I'VE GOT EIGHTY GOOD EMS. AND I'M A LITTLE ASHAMED THAT THEY KNOW ME SO WELL ... BUT SAX IS RIGHT... THAT'S WHAT I'D BE... EVEN THOUGH THE LAST THING I WANT TO BE IS A HERO!

A

VIGILANTE 407

DCP Scan